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What Could've Been



33 5 4

Chapter 1 by paledeity

A girl of 18 sat on her bed surrounded by magazines. All she wanted was to be normal, so she spent her free time looking at normal girls who do normal things. She sighed and closed the one she was currently reading. It wasn't doing anything to help her feel better.

"Fallon, it's time to go, honey!" Her aunt called from downstairs. She let out a small grumble and got up from the bed. Some of the magazines fell off and made the floor their new home for the time being. She made a shrugging movement with her shoulder as a 'whatever'. With that, she headed out her bedroom door.

Chapter 2 by [BLDE_79] LeMaironi- merry chrysler



Fallon (or, as she was born, Fedacillione) came down the hallway to her aunt's call.

"Fallon, dearie, what's wrong?"

"Oh, nothing, Aunt Cecile."

"Well then. We're getting those headphones you wanted today, and a new laptop for your eighteenth. We need to leave now, or we won't be back for the party."

"Agreed, Aunt Cecile." Gah. Agreed. A word she needs to drop if she wants to be normal. She

thought about what kind of headphones she wanted. Beats were out of the question. She knew that while anyone else would like a waste of money when a ninth of the price gets her ninth of the quality, she wouldn't. She had her heart set on the Afterglow level Five.

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As for the laptop, she would see what they had. She wanted something with a big screen and lots of memory. She'd heard of laptops with a terabyte of memory before (what even is a terabyte?), so if possible, she wanted one of those. She also decided to look up what a terabyte was.

One thousand twenty four gigabytes.

After that number, she couldn't settle for less. She had to have that one terabyte computer. Unless it had the screen size of a snail's flip-phone.

She arrived in the electronics section with her wants. She picked out her headset (easy) and went looking for that glorious terabyte of memory.

There were not one, but two. She would have to do some brand research, because they were also both seventeen inch screens. Her dream.

She picked the Esas over the Dale, but to soothe Dale, she picked up one of their mice.

The total was high, but it was her birthday, and Cecile paid for it all.

She set it up on the way home. If only she could get a decal.

A later time, she supposed.

And she felt better. Felt powerful. Felt superior.

She wanted to show it off to her pack, a collection of juniors and seniors (and one sophomore) that she hung with.

Then, decided not to. People are volatile, and envious. She needed to keep her new power hidden.

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8

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